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September 8, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Japan: Temperature Rising

JOHN SHIROI

If That's How They Want It

AN EDITORIAL

They Also Had a Candidate

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Articles and Reviews by ..... JOHN ABBOT CLARK

F. A. VOIGT · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN · SAM M. JONES

JAMES BURNHAM · RUSSELL KIRK · WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

For the Record

The head of Burma's pro-Western (there is one) Democratic Party called on the Burmese government to declare war on Communist China unless China immediately withdraws its troops from Burma. Democratic Party leader Thakin Ba Sein was reported fighting mad over reports that Chinese troops in the Kachin state are building blockhouses within 45 miles of Myitkyina (familiar to the GI's who helped build the Burma Road) . . . . Australian correspondent Reg Leonard reported he saw no signs of extensive forced labor during his recent wide swing through Red China. Last week, the USIA (Information Agency) estimated 15 million Chinese had been forced into slave labor in the past six years.

The Polish Government has refused visas to two French lawyers designated by the International Commission of Jurists to attend the trial of Poznan strikers as observers. . . . A Polish union leader last week denied that Polish workers have the right to strike (all disputes should be solved before they have "time to mature") . . . . Russia ratified fifteen international Labor Conventions and put itself "on record" as favoring collective bargaining.

American investments abroad hit a record of $3.1 billion in 1955, a net gain of 20 per cent over 1954. The biggest increases were registered in Canada, Germany and the United Kingdom. . . . Egypt reveals that its exports to the Eastern bloc went up by 12 per cent last year. Russia and its satellites now absorb more than one quarter of Egypt's export trade. . . . The Soviet Union publishes seven times as many books for the export market as for its own citizens. Of the 8.5 million books published in the USSR last year, 7.5 million were in languages other than Russian.

American Air Force instructors are enthusiastic over the pilots Spain is sending to the United States and to American air bases overseas for advance jet training. The United States plans to turn over 200 F-86 Saberjets to Franco's Air Force in the next few months (400 are in the pipeline for Tito) . . . . East German trade union leaders were told the other day that their job is to represent the workers, not to exploit them. The East German Government is alarmed over a drop in workingman membership in the Socialist Unity (Communist) Party. It is down to 39 per cent.

The teeth have been removed from Colorado's "fair trade" law. The State Supreme Court recently ruled the so-called non-signer clause illegal. Under the "non-signer" clause individual retailers were forced to abide by manufacturers' price lists regardless of whether they had signed an agreement with the manufacturer allowing him to fix prices. . . . Agriculture Secretary Benson is out to make farmers understand that subsidies and controls go hand in hand. He told a poultry group in Lexington recently that in a subsidized farm economy the producer will be told "how many sows he can keep and how many pigs he can farrow, how many hens he can keep and how many eggs the hens may lay."

Texas conservatives are heartened over Senator Price Daniel's victory over Ralph Yarborough in last week's gubernatorial primary. Had Yarborough won the primary the State Democratic machinery would have fallen entirely into the hands of the more Liberal (Johnsonian) Democrats . . . . The Campaign for the 48 States, a right-wing organization mobilized to encourage the passage of five constitutional amendments, plans to launch a formal drive next January.

Australia, which holds a trusteeship over New Guinea, doubts that New Guinea is ready for self-government, no matter what the UN Trusteeship Council thinks. As if to prove the point, New Guinea head-hunters killed 38 persons while the UN delegation was poking around in New Guinea several months ago. The UNers did not die for their world.

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly for fifty weeks a year at Orange, Conn, by National Weekly, Inc. Copyrighted 1956 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. Second-class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.

EDITORIAL AND SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES:
211 East 37 St.
New York 16, N. Y.
Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-0941

RATES: Twenty cents a copy, $7.00 a year, $13.00 for two years. Foreign, $9.00 a year; Canada, $8.00 a year.

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The WEEK

● Governor Shivers of Texas welcomed the American Bar Association, in Dallas for its annual meeting, "to a state whose people believe in the Tenth Amendment." Mr. E. Smythe Gambrell, the ABA's retiring president, warned against the increased concentration of power in the federal government. A week earlier, also in Dallas, the Conference of Chief Justices of the forty-eight states deplored the centralization of power in the federal government, and most particularly the pre-emption by federal courts of authority intended by the Constitution to be wielded by the states. It is sad that between them, the lawyers of the land and the judges of the several states haven't the power to make their voices heard in the platform of either political party. Their warnings against the encroachment of government reverberate only in echo chambers of the past; in Philadelphia, for example, when the Constitution was drafted.

● Problem: The East Meadow School District in Long Island has a $426,000 federal educational grant. But if it uses it to build what it needs, *i.e.*, classrooms, it jeopardizes its claim to forthcoming state funds, which might total more than the niggardly grant from Washington. Possible solution: Use the money toward a building which cannot be said to increase the "pupil capacity" of the district. The debate rages between partisans of a new administration building and partisans of a swimming pool. Suggestions are welcome. We are sending ours to our Congressmen.

● Moscow's campaign for united fronts between Communists and Socialists faces two critical tests in the near future. In India, Jayaprakash Narayan, spiritual leader of the Socialists, has recommended the establishment of a united front with the Communists in the next election. In Italy, Pietro Nenni, chief of the left-wing Socialists who have actually been in a united front since 1947, gives signs that he may break with the Communists in order to form a bloc with the right-wing Socialists led by Giuseppe Saragat: a shift toward which Nenni has been pushed by his public troubles over the de-Stalinization campaign. Nenni may well be playing a game. But in any event, the outcome in these two cases should foreshadow the chances of the united front for some while to come.

● The champions of "public power" do not sleep. The bill that would have turned the Niagara power de-

velopment over to New York State instead of private utility companies died in the House of Representatives. Now the resourceful Robert Moses, head of the New York State Power Authority, is trying a fast maneuver to bypass Congress. Using a complex legal argument, he has petitioned the Federal Power Commission to let the State Authority go ahead without congressional action. And he is trying to buy off part of the opposition by proposing to give the Niagara Mohawk Power Company distribution rights to a major share of the current to be generated.

● British seizure of the diaries of George Grivas, field chief of the Cypriot terrorist organization, confirm dramatically the estimate made of Archbishop Makarios by Mr. Frederick Johnston, in a letter published by NATIONAL REVIEW in its issue of April 11. Makarios, whose exile to the Seychelles Islands was so fiercely condemned by Liberal critics as an act of brutal imperialism, is revealed to be "Genikos," political leader of the guerrilla forces, and the man who gave the signal to begin the terrorist campaign.

● Dr. Leonard Scheele's last act as Surgeon General, from which post he resigned a month ago, was to release the Salk vaccine from government control. The explanatory news release was a delicious giveaway. Controls were removed, it declared, "in order that the vaccine could get where it was needed."

Contest Winner

NATIONAL REVIEW is proud indeed to announce the winner of its Pick the Candidates contest: he is Mr. Frederick W. Canfield of Belmont, Massachusetts. Mr. Canfield guessed Eisenhower-Nixon, Stevenson-Kefauver, gave Eisenhower 1,322 votes on the first ballot, and Stevenson 742. For that prediction he now has a $1,500 credit with the Margaret Cone Travel Service.

Mr. Canfield, a Williams graduate of the class of 1952, got out of the Navy just a month ago (barely in time to beat the contest deadline) and plans to attend the Harvard Business School this fall. He is married and the father of twin boys two-and-a-half years old.

Mr. Canfield, whose political judgment was more acute than that of any of our other contestants (and of all our editors), predicts an Eisenhower-Nixon victory in November. He believes the renomination of Nixon has strengthened rather than weakened the ticket.

The names of the other Pick the Candidates winners will be announced next week.

If That's How They Want It

The society that tolerates bullying is decadent, and inhuman. For many years, the great bullies in America have been the big, tough, cocky labor unions; yet those who cry out against their excesses are yawned away, dismissed as cranks, pests. Sometimes acid is thrown in their eyes. Only Senator McCarthy is a bully, and the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and the Citizens Councils. Walter Reuther, and David Beck, and James Hoffa, they're not bullies. They are agents of progress. They are in league with the future.

That may be, in which case we hope the future is a long time in coming. At the present rate, the labor unions will own the future, lock, stock and barrel. Certainly they will own what is left of the Kohler Manufacturing Company, a plumbing firm which almost alone, in an age of corporate cowardice, has had the courage and the faith to stare down the bully, to look through his teeth right down his throat and say, resolute: *Do your worst. You'll have your way at Kohler only after you break our back.*

And that is precisely what the United Automobile Workers propose to do. The UAW called its strike against Kohler two years ago. In a few weeks it became apparent that the union was going to lose that strike; for the workers' hearts were not in it. Most of them—and their families before them—had been working for Kohler for years. And they had no grievances. Their salaries were high, the management was humane. There simply wasn't any reason to strike, and so the men began to straggle back to work.

Whereupon Reuther showed his teeth. He called in the goons. For the next months he demonstrated that as far as he is concerned, cracked skulls and organized terror are part of the exhilarating game of collective bargaining. He moved his lawless way about for months, until finally even the fainthearted governor of the state, roused by a clamoring public, intervened and, rapping the union's knuckles, whispered gently that broken bones are not licensed by state or federal labor relations acts, and would Reuther cease and desist? And more workers returned to their jobs.

But the modern labor union, in particular if run by a Marxist ideologue, does not know what it is to lose a contest. Hence the UAW reached out for its ultimate weapon: a national boycott. Every place that labor meets, in national convention halls and village meeting houses, the word is out: Bear down on Kohler. Kill the company off. Individual plumbers, foremen, contractors, the federal government itself, are being brass-knuckled: Don't Buy Kohler. The campaign is meeting with the success one would predict in a society whose leaders are easily cowed by organized ruffianism. Exuberantly, the UAW claims

the boycott has already cut Kohler sales down by 37 per cent. All kinds of politicians have rushed to mediate the dispute. And to whom do they go, imploring capitulation? To Kohler, of course; why go to Reuther? He is, they know, immovable. He will settle for nothing less than sovereignty.

We cannot hope for statesmanlike action from the nation's leaders. Any of a number of existing laws could be invoked to kill this conspiracy. Other laws, counterpart to those that restrain business, forbidding organized ganging up on a single manufacturer, need to be written. But existing sanctions will not be enforced, and supplementary sanctions will not be legislated. There is left only the determination of individual men and women to stand by the oppressed; to stay the hand of the ravenous and vindictive oppressor.

It comes down to *buying* Kohler. We don't need a new washbasin, the Lord knows, but tomorrow we're going out to get one. And then we're going to get a Kohler catalogue and see if there isn't something *else* we need. And if Kohler starts producing peanut butter, we'll eat Kohler Peanut Butter till it comes out of our ears. So help us God, we will.

A New Republican

Boy oh *boy* oh boy, does that Arthur Larson bear keeping one's eye on! Mr. Larson, our readers will recall, is the dauntless intellectual who undertook a labor more difficult than those of Hercules: he undertook to infuse into the Republican record of the past three years a sense of order, a coherent philosophy. To that end he wrote a book, *A Republican Looks at His Party.* It is a brilliant book—but should be read as a *tour de force;* which, by definition, any effort to philosophize Progressive Moderation is bound to be.

But the book—and its author—have become enormously influential. For one thing, it is rumored that *the President has read the book!* And, liking it, embraced its author, and put him to work. Mr. Larson has been serving as Under Secretary of Labor; but primarily, word has it, he will busy himself in the future toning up the President's campaign speeches, in line with the current effort to win intellectuals to the standard of Republicanism.

Here are some extracts from "Meet the Press" of August 26, at which Mr. Larson made some highly illuminating statements about the Party he serves. The next voice you hear is that of—to use the words of the moderator—the man who "evolved a political philosophy which he calls the 'New Republicanism.' . . . the Republicans' ideologist-in-chief." But first Mr. Spivak.

Q. Mr. Larson, as far as I can see, your New Republicanism is a selection of those parts of the New Deal which Republicans once fought and which the voters have come to accept. Now will you tell me what's *new* about the New Republicanism, and what's Republican about it? . . . One of the . . . fundamentals of the New Republicanism [is the doctrine that] the government has a responsibility for the general welfare of the people. Didn't the Republicans fight that for many years? And wasn't it the New Deal that established that principle?

MR. LARSON: No, if you take the full span of the Republican Party you'll find that the Republican Party established every single principle on which the New Deal was based . . . every basic principle of labor and social legislation was established in the first sixty years of the Republican Party . . .

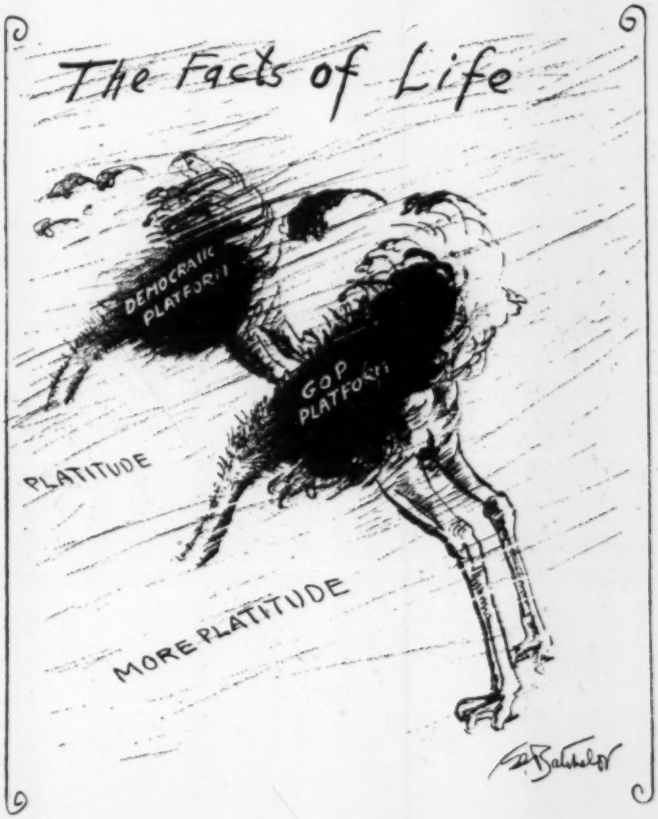
Q: Now, Mr. Larson, if social insurance, the federal maximum hour, minimum wage law, regulation of the securities and exchange markets, and fifteen other things we could mention that were established by the New Deal and kept by the Eisenhower Administration—in fact in some respects extended by the Eisenhower Administration—

MR. LARSON: Yes, definitely.

Q: —if those are not socialistic *now,* they were not socialistic when they were enacted, were they?

MR. LARSON: No, I don't think they were *ever* socialistic, and the only thing that disturbs me, as I have said, is that the Fair Deal has gone *beyond* the New Deal in so many ways . . .

Q: May I get down to specifics again? [How do you feel about] right-to-work laws?



[Mr. Larson attempts three times to avoid a direct answer.]

Q: I want to know how *you* feel about it. How do you feel about the right of the union to force an individual to join a union in order to work?

MR. LARSON: I think it's an expression of freedom of contract. If the union and employer, exercising ordinary free contract, arrive at this kind of contract, I don't think the government should interfere with it.

Q: What about the individual? Do you think an individual ought to be forced to join a union—if he doesn't want to join a union—if there's a union shop? That's what it's all about.

MR. LARSON: That's a case of the individual, as so often happens in our lives, having to conform to the will of the majority.

Q: Mr. Larson, you write that it is the Republican Party which alone represents the "authentic American center," as you put it . . . What justifies the claim that the Republican Party is the party of the center, and not the Democratic Party?

MR. LARSON: I didn't really say it *alone* represented it . . . [the center] includes many Democrats and most independents.

Q: Would you count Governor Stevenson, in your brand, as a member of the authentic American center?

MR. LARSON: Oh very definitely. . . .

Q: [an aside?] Maybe we shouldn't have an election contest at all, but just flip a coin.

Q: You also, on page 75-76 [of your book], cite Dean Acheson . . . I gather you count Dean Acheson as being in this centrist group?

MR. LARSON: Oh yes . . .

Q: [panicking?] Mr. Larson, can you tell us whether the New Republicanism about which you speak so glowingly is just *your* conception of the President's political philosophy, or *his* also?

MR. LARSON: It's definitely his.

Oremus.

What's the Story?

Mr. Jay G. Sourwine has leveled serious charges against the federal bureaucracy and, indirectly, against Mr. Jacob Javits, who intends to be the next United States Senator from New York. A week ago Mr. Sourwine, who served for several years as chief counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, issued a public statement saying that a considerable amount of evidence bearing adversely on Mr. Javits' early friends and associates lies, inert, in assorted government files in Washington. The security data are not being investigated, evidently, because any person or agency doing so is liable to be accused of McCarthyism, or anti-Semitism, or what-have-you.

Mr. Javits greeted Mr. Sourwine's statement with haughty contempt, and accused him of making scurrilous charges. Attorney General Brownell greeted it by telling Sourwine why-the-hell don't you mind your own business and stay in Nevada? The press, with an exception or two, remains silent.

We ask: Why did Sourwine make his charges? He is not running for political office against Javits. He is running for office in Nevada, where Javits is not even known, let alone considered a threat.

Why, we repeat, did he make the charges? Because he is in the habit of making irresponsible charges? But he is not. He behaved soberly and responsibly while with the Committee; and, granted his continued sanity, the presumption is against his consciously choosing, at this moment in particular, to acquire a reputation for recklessness. So why?

Could it be that he has reason to believe a sober investigation into Mr. Javits' past is in order? He may be entirely mistaken. Quite likely such an investigation would vindicate Mr. Javits. We are certain that everyone, Mr. Sourwine included, hopes so.

But surely the way to dispose of the matter is to examine the charges. And it would be most appropriate if Mr. Javits were himself to request the examination. Why doesn't he do so? And why doesn't Brownell, instead of hurling imprecations westward, formally announce that the files of the Justice Department contain no evidence that in any way reflects on the loyalty, past or present, of Mr. Javits? And the press that is so trigger-sensitive about being pushed around by the State Department ought, if it wants to be trusted, to be sensitive about going along, without independent verification, on a whitewash.

Peking Passports

The decision by the State Department to refuse passports to the fifteen American correspondents who had been invited to China was at worst inept. Mr. Dulles' decision promptly brought down upon his head the denunciation of the hosts, on the grounds that his action was aimed at curtailing the freedom of the press. That charge should not be taken seriously. The action of the State Department is not calculated to inhibit the press.

The position of the Department is this: as long as American citizens are being illegally held prisoner in Red China, the United States should not sanction intercourse between the two nations, on the grounds that it fears for the well-being of its citizens when visiting a lawless land, and on the grounds that the ordinary amenities between two civilized nations are inappropriate.

We agree with the critics of Mr. Dulles who make the point that it is not the business of the government to prescribe safety precautions for American newspapermen. It is one thing for the government to forbid an official representative to visit China; another

to rule that a representative of the *Dallas News* may not go.

Mr. Dulles should have publicly requested the publishers of the newspapers in question to refuse to send their correspondents unless the Communists a) granted visas to other newspapermen who have been denied access to China in the past several years; b) allowed interpreters to accompany the newspapermen; and c) promised that the correspondents would be allowed to interview the imprisoned Americans.

That way the State Department would have made its point, and Red China would have lost a propaganda battle.

Love Among the Ruins

In ages past, the sexual impulse in human beings, transmuted into myth, poetry and art, has helped create shining symbols: Aphrodite, Helen, Laura, Juliet, Isolde, Beatrice. In our time it has given us Marilyn Monroe and Alfred C. Kinsey.

For Dr. Kinsey, who died on August 25, it was not as with Miss Monroe. Sex was in his case an acquired rather than an innate preoccupation. After his graduate studies at Harvard, he turned first to the gall wasp, a small creature of which he learned more than any man had ever known, and to which he consecrated two books, formidable but unread. After twenty years the gall wasp palled. Dr. Kinsey, sighing more successfully than Alexander for a new world to conquer, turned his scientific ideology and his statistical tools on sex.

The results were, as Miss Monroe could have predicted, magical. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, brought out in 1948 by a small textbook publisher at a large price, was a best seller six months in advance. Money and fame rolled in. The fall-out of "Kinsey Report" by-products covered the earth. When *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* came to market five years later the glamor (and sales) were off a bit, but by then Dr. Kinsey was comfortably settled in the Institute for Sex Research, financed by Indiana University, the National Research Council, and the Rockefeller Institute.

One might pass over the fact that the gross public notice taken of these reports was plainly a form of prurience, hardly distinguishable from the perennial gobbling of "dirty books" and "filthy pictures," were it not that Dr. Kinsey himself made no effort to counter the publicity and the exploitation. The mass sales of books and auxiliary rights were, in the usual manner of scientism, a means to his end, by his own declaration: the end, as he defined it, of getting support for further "scientific research."

The methodological defects in Dr. Kinsey's research, for which he has been criticized by a number of his colleagues, are of interest primarily to specialists. The grave injury to the public weal to which he contributed was of another order: moral, philosophical, theological.

In Dr. Kinsey's work, love has been equated with sex, and sex stripped to the single act of the physical orgasm. Implicit in this reduction is a crude and cruel parody of the nature of a human being. If Dr. Kinsey had spent one-hundredth the time on Aristotle's *Metaphysics* as on his questionnaires, he would not have succumbed to so disastrous a fallacy. Indeed, his coarse falsification of the nature of man is a far drop from such of his direct predecessors as Havelock Ellis and Krafft-Ebing, who in their studies of sexual behavior at any rate never mistook a human being for a rabbit.

In man the physical acts of sex are a part of an immensely wider psychological whole, which is in turn fused into and ultimately subordinated to a love that is moral and metaphysical in its essence. In this case, the plea of a Dr. Kinsey that science must restrict its problem in order to get verifiable results is an evasion. By his restriction he simply destroys the real man, and plunges into the desolate materialism of our time, for which man is nothing more than motion and appetite.

But Dr. Kinsey, and his commentators still more than he, fostered another fallacy of more immediate social influence. His researches proved, he believed, that marital infidelity, premarital sexual intercourse, and sexual aberrations are widespread—though it is hard to see why he regarded as a startling discovery what has been known to every poet and prophet since the beginning of time. Therefore, *therefore*, he argued, and many have argued after him the strict social attitudes and laws covering such behavior are, as an anthropologist put it, a "censorious insistence on an outworn code." They should be brought up to date and liberalized, in order to be "in accord with the facts."

A flatter confusion between the moral and the empirical order, between values and facts, could hardly be imagined. This subordination of moral will to desire, this reasoning that what ought to be is nothing other than what is, more and more prevails, and first of all in the realm with which Dr. Kinsey dealt. What else is the meaning of our divorce rate, our acceptance of sexual deviates as heroes, our public worship of women who in other ages would have been known and marked as whores?

Dr. Kinsey's two fallacies are mutually supporting. If man is only motion and appetite, only matter, then why indeed should appetite be curbed? On the materialist basis, there is no argument for the law, except the knout. It is the disciples of Lenin who draw out the final meaning of Dr. Kinsey's implicit principles.

The Campaign

SAM M. JONES

Personality Game

Politics has become a personality contest. Twenty-odd years ago it was not only possible but easy to differentiate between the Republican and Democratic Parties, and any school boy could define their opposing positions on issues.

The GOP then stood for high tariffs, restricted immigration and hard money. The Democrats were for free trade, a liberal immigration policy and flexible money standards. Although the all-powerful factor in 1932 was the depression, the Hoover-Roosevelt campaign marked the last appearance of the tariff question as a great issue. In thousands of press releases and millions of words, Democratic speakers blamed the Hawley-Smoot Tariff for the depression and sundry other evils.

Yet in all the subsequent years of Democratic rule the Hawley-Smoot Act remained on the books, as it does today. Instead of writing a new tariff law the New Dealers simply emasculated the existing statute through the Reciprocal Trade Act and international agreements—a procedure which the Eisenhower Administration has taken to its bosom as if it were its own creation.

Franklin D. Roosevelt founded the political personality cult in America, and since its inception the impersonal issues have never recovered their status as factors in determining elections. Even the Korean war was but a symbol of the works of the man who got us into a war we weren't allowed to win. In 1952, the glamorization of Eisenhower provided the hero-miracle-worker image the electorate had been conditioned to expect.

Today both parties contain a hodgepodge of opposing viewpoints. Senator Byrd and Senator Humphrey are among the many examples of conflicting beliefs within the Democratic Party, while Senator Bridges and Senator Ives provide one of the numerous illustrations of disparate Republicanism. The new platforms of the two parties reveal no cleavage on major national issues, although it is ironical that the Democrats have taken over (in a mild way) the one-time exclusively Republican championship of tariff protection for the domestic market.

The dominant element in both parties today is thoroughly "internationalized," and the GOP has taken unto itself and enlarged such New Deal-Fair Deal planks as social security, civil rights, housing, rural electrification, minimum wages, farm subsidies and foreign policy.

The Republican platform promises "markets which return full parity" to farmers while its Democratic counterpart pledges rigid 90 per cent parity supports. With most of the big Labor bosses on the Democratic team, their plank calls for repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act. The Republicans (with no hope of major union support) offer "effective, unhindered collective bargaining." The party of Jefferson (who abhorred foreign entanglements) faithfully promises to provide "defensive weapons for Israel," while the once isolationist GOP pledges support to "Israel against armed aggression." The Republicans "accepted the desegregation decision" and called for "deliberate speed" in integrating the schools in obedience to the Supreme Court. The Democrats compromised but said substantially the same thing evasively.

Dean Acheson might just as well have been called in as consulting architect in constructing the foreign-relations planks for *both* parties. On domestic economic policies the GOP pledges are less alarming. The Democrats offer all things to all men, a little green fence around an ever-increasing number of homes, schools, subsidies, social security, old-age benefits and medical assistance. It goes without saying—but the platform says it—that all this and increased defense spending will be complemented by a balanced budget and lowered taxes.

The public versus private power controversy will have some effect on the vote in the Tennessee Valley area, in the Northwest and parts of the West. The farm revolt is assuming much smaller proportions. Desegregation comes closest to being a national issue, but its endorsement by both parties stultifies the South; its influence will be largely confined to the northern centers of concentrated Negro population.

So the personality game prevails. Never before have the secondary personalities been such a vital factor: this time the turn of the balance partly depends on the voters' reaction to Nixon and Kefauver. Eisenhower's health will remain a potentially decisive issue; and that, too, is a personal factor.

The Senate Race

Recent developments in the Senatorial campaign are, on the whole, slightly favorable to the GOP despite a prediction by Florida's Smathers, chief of the Democratic Senatorial campaign organization, that his party will gain as many as eight seats.

Smathers gives Stengel the odds over Dirksen in Illinois, but a new scandal in the state is badly worrying Democratic leaders. The Democratic gubernatorial candidate, facing a grand jury investigation on his record as Cook County (Chicago) Treasurer, has just withdrawn from the race. Republicans think that the exposure of Democratic malfeasance will offset any unfavorable reaction caused by the revelations of embezzlement by Republican State Auditor Hodge and associates. Neither Dirksen nor Stengel is involved in the scandals, but politicians have a healthy fear that corruption attaints the innocent along with the guilty.

Smathers expects Democratic Governor William C. Marland to beat former Senator Chapman Revercomb in West Virginia; Philadelphia's former mayor Joe Clark to defeat Senator Duff in Pennsylvania; Lausche to destroy Bender in Ohio; Representative Dodd to win over Senator Bush in Connecticut; and he predicted Democratic victories in South Dakota, North Dakota, California and Maryland.

Most analysts will agree that the Democrats have the edge in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Connecticut. But they foresee a chance for the GOP

in West Virginia, even odds in California, and a strong probability of Republican victories in North and South Dakota. After the bitter intramural Democratic fight in Maryland, culminating in the replacement of Millard Tydings by George Mahoney, that race is regarded as a shoo-in for incumbent Republican Senator Butler. The Democrats face an uphill fight to hold their two Senatorial seats in Tennessee, most observers foreseeing the loss of at least one.

With the retirement of Senator Lehman, the GOP has a chance to gain a seat in New York State. There is a school of thought that sees a possibility of electing a Republican Senator in Texas, because of Price Daniel's expected retirement from the Senate if he wins the gubernatorial election. A wide-open Senatorial contest in Texas, with two or more Democrats splitting their party's vote, could conceivably mean a victory for the Republican candidate. McKay in Oregon and Langlie in Washington are about even-money bets against Morse and Magnuson, and there is an outside chance of an upset in Missouri where Herbert Douglas is running against Senator Hennings.

There is still time, however, for a change of odds in almost every contest. At this point it seems improbable that either side can win the next Senate by a wide margin.

Negative Blessing

In the fall of '52 the State of Virginia was wavering in its traditional allegiance, but the overwhelmingly Democratic registration was expected to give the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket a modest plurality. Then, in mid-October, Harry Flood Byrd blasted Trumanism and the Stevenson candidacy. On election day, Republicans and Byrd Democrats carried the state for Eisenhower with some 80,000 votes to spare (total vote: 619,689).

After the Supreme Court decision on segregation, Eisenhower's great prestige in Virginia (and all the South) dropped precipitately. Stevenson's renomination was received with as little enthusiasm as his original candidacy. The question of where Senator Byrd would throw his probably decisive influence went unanswered, until August 25. On that day in his apple orchard at Berryville, before a crowd of 2,000, the Virginian denounced Dwight D. Eisenhower by name. "I fought the civil rights program of the Roosevelt Administration," the Senator said. "I fought the civil rights program of former President Truman. But the civil rights proposals of Mr. Eisenhower are the most iniquitous that have ever been proposed to the country."

Pressed to state whether he would support Stevenson, the Senator said he had tried to make "very clear" in his speech that he approved the action of the Virginia delegation at the Convention. (They had voted for Governor John S. Battle.) Attorney General J. Lindsay Almond, less reticent, promptly announced he would support the Democratic Presidential ticket. Stevenson adherents are content with Byrd's "negative blessing." They have high hopes that the Old Dominion is now safe in the Democratic camp.

Last week's decision of the South Carolina Democratic Convention to support the national Democratic ticket further strengthened the belief in the Stevenson camp that the South is secured. Although some fifty delegates bolted the Convention to organize a campaign for independent electors, they face the almost impossible task of getting 10,000 signatures on their petition, in eleven days, to qualify for a place on the ballot.

Professor X: Composite Portrait

(Lines Written after Graduation)

One last good-by! One final "Yes, Sir!"
One farewell toast to my professor!
Who long ago quit Holy Bible
For Leftist Writings wholly Libel;
Who feels he's spent a worth-while quarter
When he has purchased the *Reporter,*
And deems the *New York Post** essential
(*That supplement to *Confidential*).

He dwells within an ivory steeple
In order to avoid the people,
(The mob can't bother my professor—
How nice if this were vice-vessor!)
And 'round the clock within the Tower
(Which has *eighty* minutes to each hour)
He saves the world in this, its grim age,
By molding students in his image.

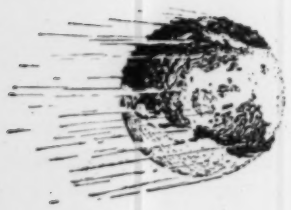
Observe his lectures fair, judicious:
Ex-Reds, not Reds, make him suspicious.
His words impartial and unbiased:
McCarthy is the Antichri-ist!
Objective thought brings this solution:
We ought to scrap the Constitution,
Except the one part that's alive:
He means, of course, Amendment V.

He gives his praise in class discussion
To each Nehrutralist pro-Russian;
On Chiang Kai-shek he puts his veto,
Preferring democrats like Tito.
Shuns stupid comments on the "brink of war"—
How better far to never think of war!
Yes, he hates war (but if you're in it,
The Nobler Plan is not to win it).

In answering the students' queries
He gives no sordid facts, but the'ries—
One wearies of his portside series
Of the'ries, the'ries, the'ries, the'ries!
Do I protest his leftist line? I
Would sooner question word from Sinai!
Dissenting students? Sure, I've known 'em—
De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

So one more toast to my professor!
(I wonder who'll be *his* successor!)
Come cheer this ADA sensation,
This master of eggheaducation,
Who solves world problems for his classes
By sitting on his Mount Parnassus—
All hail this "lib'ral" (*in a quote*) —he
Is still my favorite Don Quixote!

ALLAN HOUSE RYSKIND



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Scheduled for the Autumn Season

Peiping's invitation to American newspaper correspondents is an interlude of an extended drama, a featured scene of which will be played at the eighth "Peoples' Congress," announced for September 15 though perhaps subject to a few weeks' postponement. The Chinese objective is to secure United States diplomatic recognition, United Nations entry, and economic help. The most favorable period is judged to be this coming winter, when the U.S. election will be out of the way, and the U.S. Administration able to move for a while in comparative freedom from popular pressures.

Peiping therefore wishes to set its stage carefully. In this, Western journalists and photographers, even if non-Communist, have a prominent function. By the nature of our sensationalist press and the Liberal mind, the net result of their coverage—granted even a moderately "cooperative" attitude on the part of the regime—will be to the Communists' advantage. They will provide the excitement and "human interest" of things novel, vast and exotic, the thrill of behind-the-scenes disclosures. The Communists have painstakingly studied the workings of "the bourgeois press."

Peiping is well satisfied with the record of trips already made. British, French, Australian, Dutch and German journalists have traveled through "the new China," and even their criticisms have helped foster the illusion that Communist China belongs to the family of nations. Witness, pointedly, the articles of the Australian correspondent, Reg Leonard, which have recently been spread—with photographs—over the columns of the *New York Times*. They would not have been a tenth so effective if bylined by the Peiping Propaganda Office.

Indeed, one American—or ex-American—correspondent is currently writing from China. He is Irving Potash, not long ago head of the Fur Workers Union and member of the U.S. Communist Party's National Committee. In 1949 he was convicted under the Smith Act along with the ten other Communist leaders, and on leaving prison in 1955 was deported as an illegal resident.

The Harbinger

Comrade Potash, it goes without saying, is overwhelmed by "the mighty liberating spirit," "the sea of young, smiling and enthusiastic faces," the "noble spirit and enormous energy the Great Chinese Revolution has infused in the people." He talked with a Chinese Communist official who "spoke about the traditional friendship between the Chinese and American people and about the need to remove the obstacles in the way of renewing and strengthening that friendship. He said that People's China wants peace, friendship and trade with the U.S."

Ex-American Potash reaches this sage conclusion: "It is not at all difficult to see how much the American working people and, yes, American business would benefit from a policy of friendship and trade with the Chinese people, in place of a policy of 'brink of war' and cold war and refusal to negotiate with the legitimate and genuine representatives of the Chinese people."

It may be presumed that Comrade Potash is sounding themes that will be drummed into the ears of journalists to come, and that will be elaborated at the People's Congress. It is quite possible that the Congress will produce dramatic adjuncts to their appeasement-beckoning seduction: release of the rest of the imprisoned Americans, or even a formal acceptance of the American-demanded renunciation of the use of force in the Formosa Strait.

Across the world from China, there is also scheduled for this autumn another assembly that has been little noticed in advance. At the bidding of the shaky new Moroccan government, eight of the powers of the West—Belgium, Spain, France, Great Britain, Italy, Holland, Portugal and the United States—will humbly journey to Fedala, near Casablanca, to discuss the future of the international zone of Tangier. NATIONAL REVIEW's Madrid representative, J. Dervin, has just returned from a visit to Tangier, with which he has long acquaintance, and reports with dismay the meaning of this forthcoming event:

"Tangier has a geopolitical situation of the first rank. It is one of the keys to the Straits of Gibraltar, one of the chief ports of North Africa, observation post and entrepôt for all of Morocco, where we have important bases and radio installations.

"Let us recall that it was because of the German threat to Tangier and Morocco that the Statute of Tangier was established in 1906 by the Conference of Algeciras.

"A while ago the Moroccans asked for the integration of the Tangier international zone with Morocco. All that they expected was a revision of the Statute to provide for some sort of economic union. Incredibly, the representatives of the eight guarantor powers immediately lost their heads and ran to Rabat to offer up Tangier to the flabbergasted Moroccans. The Moroccans, after recovering from their astonishment, solemenly 'convoked' a Conference for October at Fedala to settle Tangier's future status. The eight Western powers surely ought to know enough to refuse to negotiate under duress in Morocco, and to insist that any change should be discussed within the framework of the Treaty of Algeciras—and outside Morocco.

"Are the Western powers—including ourselves—waiting until they have lost their last shred of prestige and have abandoned all Africa to Islam?

"Are not the examples of Indochina and Egypt sharp enough? Perhaps the time has come to look ahead to the day when we shall lose our influence in the countries of Central and South America.

"Tangier is small but not insignificant. Our position there should be held, and can be. What will be done?"

Japan: Temperature Rising

The author, a California-born Nisei, served at General MacArthur's SCAP Headquarters in Tokyo. Married to a Japanese, he now manages a textile business near Osaka

JOHN SHIROI

The prewar stereotype of a Japanese tourist equipped with powerful binoculars and a miniature camera has been replaced by one of a determined Japanese salesman carrying sample case and order pad. He sells toys, textiles, electrical equipment, medicines, machine tools, autos, steel and ships, and he sells to whatever markets he can find. To Communist North Vietnam, for example, Japanese exports are sent in quantity second only to Red China, and Japanese commercial representatives are busily exploring Southeast Asia in hopes of recapturing at least a part of their one-time Co-Prosperity markets.

The ChinCom trade restrictions are resented by the Japanese as a matter of principle. Here, as elsewhere on the Soviet economic front, the Communist bait of trade and profits is a dangerous weapon.

Settlement of the long-negotiated Philippines Reparations Agreement was greeted in Japan with general satisfaction; for the sum was no larger than the final figure of $800 million. Of that, a large percentage is to be covered by exporting Japanese consumer goods—of which Japan has a large surplus. Another sizable percentage is in the form of a Japan-sponsored program of technical aid and assistance to the Philippines. Even so, anti-Japanese rancor in the Philippines still runs high. The Japanese, for their part, express bafflement that Asian nations are unable to dismiss Japanese wartime brutality as readily as the perpetrators.

Delayed briefly by Typhoon *Wanda*, Admiral Arthur Radford, Chairman of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, arrived on Tokyo's hottest day of an unusually hot summer. He had come from Southeast Asia and Taiwan, burdened with the heavy task of reassuring our remaining Asian allies that the announced removal to Hawaii of our major Far East military command does not imply a U.S. strategic withdrawal from Asia. Nevertheless the scheduled dissolution of Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer's combined United Nations Far East Command and the subordination of its remaining elements to Admiral Stump's Pacific Command has been proclaimed by critics of American foreign policy as solid evidence that America's friends in Asia are to be left to their own defensive resources. Come to terms with the Communist world, the cry rises, lest the time of decision find you friendless.

Socialists Woo USSR

From the cool altitude of Karuizawa, Japan's fashionable summer retreat, the country's paralytic Premier Ichiro Hatoyama took no public note of Radford's arrival or departure. A chronically indecisive figurehead, Hatoyama (the name means *pigeon mountain*) was finding himself increasingly pressured by infighting politicians of his uneasily-merged Liberal-Democratic Party a) to resign, b) to continue indefinitely, c) to discharge Foreign Minister Mamoru Shigemitsu (who signed Japan's surrender aboard the USS Missouri), d) to purge the L-D Party of all "go-slow" (minority Liberal) elements—those conservatives who continue to oppose conclusion of a hasty but politically popular peace treaty with the Soviet Union, and who find in Shigemitsu their sole spokesman. Former Premier Yoshida personifies Japanese opposition to making concessions of Japanese territory (Sakhalin, Etorofu, Habomai, Shikotan) to Dmitri Shepilov.

The Socialists, ever partisan to the Soviet Union, would speed Japan into a tried and disproved diplomatic formula: exchange ambassadors now, take up troublesome problems of territory and detained prisoners later. They supported and applauded the results of Cabinet Minister Ichiro Kono's degrading mission to Moscow last spring and, oddly enough, can count on the encouragement of *zaibatsu* captains hopeful of profits from export trade with the Soviets.

Kono, until lately the strong man of Japanese politics, has lost strength ever since his return from Moscow. His Agriculture-Forestry Ministry was the scene of a staggering embezzlement (government auditors can only speculate on the actual sum), and he was accused of importing race horses, using scarce foreign exchange and avoiding import duties. Kono is enough of an opportunist to denigrate any gains the aging Foreign Minister may score in the unequal contest now being waged in Moscow; for he bitterly resents the Cabinet's decision to name Shigemitsu senior negotiator, and despises the senior diplomat for the very qualities that have made him an admired and trusted figure in postwar Japan. A Cabinet reshuffle is planned at the termination of the Moscow talks, and Kono can be expected to wield his still-powerful influence to exclude Shigemitsu from the new Cabinet. If Kono succeeds, the West will have lost the influence of a friend possessed of both wisdom and integrity. Shigemitsu represents perhaps the final parliamentary voice overtly dedicated to the proposition that Japan should ally herself with the West.

On the eleventh anniversary of Hiroshima, Communist-fronters from several countries beat their breasts before Hiroshima's Peace Shrine, denouncing the West's continued preparation for atomic defense. They released some hundreds of doves and wept and wailed in a manner generally reminiscent of Parisian meetings commemorative of the Rosenbergs. Significantly, several Soviet "scientists" treated the assembled

multitude to pious disclaimers of Soviet participation in the West's decision to hasten the end of the war by dropping A-bombs on Japan.

And as if that were insufficient, a Japan Communist-produced film, *It Is Good To Have Survived*, was screened for those of the faithful who might have remained incompletely convinced of the horrors of U.S.-sponsored atomic warfare. Reference to Soviet development of nuclear weapons was quite predictably ignored. (The film attracted special notice during its making when the producers announced that two of the cast had died from the effects of atomic radiation. How's that for verisimilitude?)

Anti-U.S. agitation on Okinawa, sparked by (Communist) Peoples' Party Secretary Kamejiro Senaga, has provided elements of the Japan Foreign Office with a convenient pretext to intervene with the U.S. Embassy in behalf of the "exploited" Okinawans, and raise the question of a time table for return of the Ryukyus to Japanese dominance. U.S. military and diplomatic officials point out to Japanese and Okinawans alike that U.S. air bases on Okinawa are vital to U.S. strategic plans for the defense of Japan from external aggression, and that a return date for the Ryukyús to Japanese control cannot realistically be estimated in view of the world situation.

Explosive Issue

The planned introduction to the Japanese defense system of such modern defense weapons as Honest John, Nike and Matador missiles is an explosive political issue in Japan —for the simple reason that these defensive weapons are quite obviously capable of carrying nuclear warheads; and even non-Communist Japanese shudder at the thought of atomic weapons stockpiled on Japanese soil. Opponents of the proposal argue that, if Japan refuses to become a base for U.S. atomic weapons, the Soviets will have less reason to drop atomic bombs on Japan in the event of all-out war.

The failure of the Liberal-Democratic Party to achieve, last July, a two-thirds representation in the Diet's upper house postpones, for an estimated two to three years, hopes for a constitutional revision that will permit the establishment of an unquestionably legitimate and effective joint Japanese-U.S. defense of the Japanese islands. The Socialists, of course, oppose revision of the Constitution's "no-army" clause. Conservative (L-D) endorsement of the proposed revision has been limited to murmurs that, because the clause was imposed on Japan by the "MacArthur Constitution," doing away with it might burnish national sovereignty a little brighter.

In accepting Serge Tikhvinsky as head of the (illegal) Soviet Mission to Tokyo, Japan swallowed a large hunk of national pride and demonstrated vulnerability to Soviet economic pressure. Tikhvinsky, a practiced spy-master of China notoriety, was forced on the Japanese in exchange for Soviet agreement to "license" Japanese fishing boats within the "Bulganin line."

In this extraordinary maneuver Soviet timing was, as usual, excellent. Shortly before the Japanese salmon-fishing fleet was to set sail for its annual fishing, the Soviets bluntly asserted their intention to seize any boats found within traditional Japanese fishing zones unless the boats possessed Soviet licenses. This strategy set in motion the mission to Moscow of bull-necked Ichiro Kono as special negotiator for fishing rights. By normal diplomatic standards Kono's ensuing conduct in Moscow was outrageous. He committed his government to accepting Tikhvinsky ("after all, someone must be on hand to issue the licenses"), acknowledged the restrictive "Bulganin line," bowed to a Soviet-imposed limitation on the salmon catch (65,000 tons), and agreed that Japan would resume peace treaty talks with the Soviets during July. Kono excluded Japanese interpreters and other official Japanese delegates from his talks with Bulganin and Khrushchev, and completely ignored the Japanese Foreign Office.

With typically bad grace the Soviets delayed issuing the "licenses," captured several boats which allegedly had sailed prematurely, and even detained several boats "licensed" subsequently.

Tikhvinsky has not yet received official Japanese recognition as a Soviet diplomatic representative, and his overtures to the British and American Ambassadors have, so far, been tactfully declined. Full diplomatic status for Tikhvinsky, however, seems inevitable and it will come at a time when Japan is found ill-equipped to deal with problems of foreign-sponsored intrigue. Decentralization of Japan's once excellent police, an almost total lack of security laws, and a meek governmental disinterest in interfering with the activities of agents of Red China and the Soviet Union—all this opens to an operative of Tikhvinsky's accomplishments an unusually lush panorama.

Japan's Communist Party is comparatively small, but its influence extends far beyond a mere head-count. Socialists, pacifists, sick intellectuals, neutralists, thousands of unemployed and dispirited university graduates, all give their measure of aid and comfort to professional Communist agitators. Perhaps the major issue around which Communists mobilize the assistance of nominally non-Communist groups is the presence in Japan of American soldiers, sailors and airmen.

The position of U.S. Forces in Japan was established by the San Francisco Treaty and Administrative Agreement: the U.S. is in Japan "by invitation," until such time as Japan is deemed capable of looking after its own defense. Japanese public opinion, however, turns more and more against the burden of establishing an adequate Japanese defense force ("army" is an unmentionable word). Thus the U.S. may find itself increasingly pressed (even by responsible Japanese leadership) to leave Japan. To comply would be to sponsor a chain of events which may result in the internal subversion of a defenseless Japan and the conversion of the Islands into an arsenal of Asian Communism.

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Outlawing the German Communists

After more than a year of deliberation Germany's Supreme Court at Karlsruhe has handed down the decision that the ideology and the political techniques of the German Communist Party are contrary to the constitutional law of the German Federal Republic. On the evening of August 17 Communist newspapers were confiscated, arrests were made, Party bureaus were sealed. Any property of the KPD now belongs to the Federal Government.

The decision reached at Karlsruhe had a mixed reception: there were people on the "right" who seemed unhappy about it, and leftists who secretly rejoiced. Some Germans forgot that the Supreme Court had simply to decide a concrete issue: was the KPD a political party compatible with the constitutional law of Federal Germany or wasn't it?

The condemnation (and sequestration) of the KPD had been preceded, a few years ago, by an identical treatment of the *Reichspartei* which, undoubtedly, had a Nazi character. There was virtually no outcry against this earlier verdict; but in the case of the KPD, the supposedly "democratic" creed of Communism was put forward as an argument.

There is no doubt that a party (or a combination of parties) believing in a permanent dictatorship can actually come to power by democratic means. In the free elections of 1932 the Nazis emerged as by far the largest party, and it is an incontrovertible fact that Nazi totalitarianism had, later on, the support of more than half of the German voters.

This particular German experience —i.e., freedom and democracy being voted out of existence—was in the minds of the judges in Karlsruhe. Hence their repeated formulation: *freiheitliche Demokratie*—"libertarian democracy." If freedom and democracy are to endure, they reasoned, we must restrict freedom to those political parties which accept the principles of personal freedom, of free elections, of majority rule freely arrived at. Thus an effort is being made to demand specific prerequisites for the establishment (and continuation) of a party. (It is within the range of possibility that even the two biggest parties, the CDU and the Social-Democrats, could some day be hauled before the Court, since certain aspects of the Catholic faith, of Lutheranism, or of Marxism—however diluted—are strongly opposed to all relativism and thus could be interpreted as "undemocratic.")

This, of course, does not mean that the Karlsruhe judges should have decided otherwise, i.e., against the Constitution. But we see here a conflict between freedom and democracy which our best political thinkers *know* to be insoluble. Democracy does not mix with "ideology"; yet Europe, and Germany in particular, is brimming with "ideology" and only waiting for the recrudescence of major "ideological" conflicts. Once the German Social-Democrats stage a return to Marxist orthodoxy—neo-orthodoxy, if you like—or the CDU gains momentum from a Christian integralism, the trouble may start even within the circle of the "approved" parties.

Among many Germans the fear has been voiced that the Karlsruhe decision will be a blow to the hopes for reunion with the German Soviet Occupation Zone. Yet Bonn's position is founded on the conviction that the Kremlin will permit reunion only if it is either too weak to hold Eastern Germany any longer or if it can expect to get a substantial price for it. Reunion in exchange for total German slavery can be had any day, but this Bonn refuses to consider. Bonn rather thinks that its uncompromising attitude against the Communist Party will encourage resistance in Eastern Germany. Germans are rarely impressed by a compromising, weak-kneed, lamenting attitude. It remains to be seen whether Bonn's calculation will prove correct. I think it might.

"All this we accept," some Germans told me, "but what about the KPD now going underground? Fanatics will only gain strength from being outlawed."

This argument is not quite as clever as it looks. The KPD (like Communist Parties everywhere) had an "underground" department ready to spring alive. This underground segment of the Party might become larger through the new law. But if it does it will include untrained elements likely to render it less maneuverable. Apart from genuine espionage, directed from the Kremlin, the German Communist Party (underground in the years 1933-1945) was totally ineffectual. The people who did most against the Nazis were not the Communists, not even the Socialists, but the active Christians and the conservatives, the Jesuits, the ministers, the *Junkers*, the colonels, the aristocrats. These people had had no preparation in "underground work"; but they learned fast.

The one criticism of the Karlsruhe decision which might be taken somewhat seriously is connected with the elections of 1957. The Communists were so small a group that they were unable to get even the so-called *Grundmandat* (basic seat) in the *Bundestag*. Yet how are the Communist faithful going to vote in 1957 when every single vote will count? The Social-Democrats are their first cousins; and since the Social-Democrats have hypocritically protested against the Karlsruhe verdict (although they are well represented among the judges), the Communists might vote for them. (In Austria, too, the loss of the Communists was a gain for the Socialists.)

The German Socialists lack a magnetic program and, torn between a return to radicalism and a total loss of profile, they might easily be tempted to accept the Communist heritage—votes as well as part of the Communist ideology. Across the Werra River, in Eastern Germany, there lurks the SED, the Socialist Unity Party. So far, the German Social-Democrats have turned a deaf ear to its overtures. But the temptation to become, through collaboration, the West-German spearhead for "reunion" might one day prove too strong to be resisted.

Letter from London

F. A. VOIGT

Will Force Be Used on Egypt?

Had it not been for the naval and military precautions taken by Great Britain and France, the conference recently held in London might have dragged on interminably in the familiar manner. Without these precautions, no one would have taken the stern warnings of Sir Anthony Eden seriously enough. Although denounced as jingoism, flag-waving, sabre-rattling, gunboat diplomacy, and the like, they had a powerfully sobering effect.

The delegates at the conference believed, or at least suspected, that if the discussions did not produce practical proposals (supported by enough powers to carry indubitable authority) for securing the freedom of navigation through the Suez Canal, the crisis might have become uncontrollable.

Although it is considered highly improper and, in any case, paradoxical to say so, it is true that the implied threat of armed action by Great Britain and France expedited the work of the conference and reduced the danger of an armed conflict. It enabled the Commonwealth, France, and the United States and their supporters to prevail in the first stage of the crisis.

There seems to be no chance at all that Egypt will be induced by "peaceful means," as they are called, to accept the proposals that have been presented to her. Her own revolutionary aspirations, the example she has set to other governments which, under the title of "nationalization," are bent on expropriating foreign assets in their own countries, and the immense encouragement proferred by the Soviet Union, render it impossible for Egypt to make what she and her supporters would regard as submission—and as a signal defeat for the various national revolutions which, with good reason, they regard as one revolution.

If Egypt rejects the proposals out of hand, or resorts to evasion or procrastination, what are the three Powers (the Commonwealth, France and the United States) who have the main task of securing acceptance, to do?

It is clear that acceptance may be integral, although there may be room for small modification in the existing proposals; it is clear that acceptance must be secured in a reasonably short time, for the freedom of navigation through the Canal is exposed to many dangers as long as the state of uncertainty lasts; and it is clear that acceptance must be definite and final, lest the crisis break out afresh, perhaps in a new form.

The proposals would, if accepted, limit Egyptian sovereignty in some measure. This, in fact, is the crux of the matter and the principal reason why Egypt and her supporters object to them. But they are in no way incompatible with international law which, being based on contractual obligations between states, exacts some abrogation of sovereignty on the part of every contracting state. In fact, without some abrogation of sovereignty there could be no international law.

> Like independence, territorial supremacy does not give an unlimited liberty of action . . . There is hardly a state in existence which is not in one point or another restricted in its territorial supremacy by treaties with other states. [Lauterpacht, in Oppenheim's *International Law*: Peace, 8th. edn.]

At the heart of the larger crisis, in which the conflict with Egypt is an incident, though perhaps a decisive incident, is the assertion of absolute sovereignty as a universal principle. It is for this reason that the Soviet Union has, through the mouth of Mr. Shepilov, proclaimed this principle, thereby placing itself at the head of the Revolution.

This being so, it is impossible for the three powers to prevail by pursuasion alone. They are, of course, bound to try. Public opinion in their own countries demands it. Not to try would be exceedingly impolitic. But, ultimately, they cannot prevail without resorting to coercion, whatever name they may give to it.

They and their supporters are concerned with pragmatic interests—with the freedom of navigation through the Canal and, beyond the scope of the present negotiations, with the fate of their property and of their defensive positions in the Middle East and Southern Asia.

For Egypt, the Canal is, of course, a vital interest in the pragmatic sense, and in this sense it would be completely secured by the proposals that have been presented to her.

The pragmatic interest of the Soviet Union, India, Indonesia, and most of the other states that support Egypt in the present conflict, is small. But for these states, the Canal is a revolutionary objective and, to them, Egypt is, at the moment, the spearhead of the Revolution. Colonel Nasser has all the characteristics of the modern revolutionary leader—the emotional appeal, the militancy streaked with fanaticism, the dreams of future conquest, the rebellion against the rule of law, the deification of the nation and the sanctification of the revolutionary cause.

If Egypt, whether under Colonel Nasser or under his successor, can assert her claim to unqualified sovereignty over the Canal, she will have achieved this triumph not only on her own behalf but on behalf of the Revolution—a triumph which will resound from Morocco to furthest Indonesia, from the Elbe to the Yellow Sea. Not only Egypt, but the Revolution personified, as are all modern revolutions by those who are engulfed in them, will, in its own hyperbolical but by no means unrealistic terminology, have won a "stranglehold" on "the lifeline" of "imperialism, capitalism and colonialism."

In other words, the revolutionary and semi-revolutionary states of the Middle East and of Southern Asia will, with the assistance and under the patronage of the Soviet Union, have won their first concerted action and have captured a position vital, for moral and political as well as for pragmatic reasons, to the security of the Atlantic Powers in the Mediterranean and the Middle East.

Thus, if Egypt will not accept the proposals presented to her, the three Atlantic Powers principally concerned are bound to use all the means at their disposal to compel acceptance.

They Also Had a Candidate

SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

San Francisco marked the 100th anniversary of the first Republican National Convention. That fact found a place in the oratory, but not—so far as I have been able to ascertain—the corollary fact that the Convention of 1856 nominated a Presidential candidate. One might reasonably have expected the memory of the first Republican nominee to be honored by a brief biographical notice, especially in a gathering whose speakers found so much to say about so little.

The omission is all the more peculiar because political parties rarely miss an opportunity to point with pride. It just happens that the first Republican candidate was one of the most famous men of his time, and that his fame had all the glamor of youth and adventure. Moreover, he had already established a lasting claim to the gratitude of his countrymen.

Pathfinder

Since this is not a nominating speech I will no longer withhold his name. He was John C. Frémont, hero of several highly adventurous governmental scientific expeditions to the uncharted, and largely unknown, Western territory into which a trickle, then a flood, of colonists had been moving since the late 1830s. He was only twenty-nine when he headed the first of these expeditions, and his accounts of the first two are unique among government reports. They not only supplied accurate information about soil, climate, flora, fauna, routes and hazards; they were also vivid, colorful, frequently poetic accounts of the adventures and hardships of the parties he headed. They were reprinted by newspapers and commercial publishers and avidly read by prospective emigrants and armchair adventurers. And they made the young scientist—and incidentally his frontiersman guide and friend, Kit Carson—fantastically popular. The Republicans, in 1856, recalled this glory to the electorate by reprinting the two reports as a campaign document, in a volume prefaced with a biography of their candidate.

In 1841, the year preceding his first expedition, Frémont had eloped with the beautiful seventeen-year-old daughter of Thomas Hart Benton, the famous Senator from Missouri. Although the Senator had strongly objected to the match because of his daughter's youth and Frémont's want of reassuring prospects, he soon relented and became the friend and powerful supporter of his young son-in-law. The marriage profoundly influenced Frémont's career. Benton was the leader of the expansionist group in Congress, and the fact gave a political slant to Frémont's expeditions. It was undoubtedly back of his rash midwinter trek, with his second expedition (1844) over the High Sierras into California, still Mexican territory, and also of his presence there with his third, at the outbreak of the Mexican War.

With Commodore R. F. Stockton of the Navy, Frémont conquered California for the U.S. in a bloodless campaign; an exploit which led to the first of the abrupt tumbles from the pinnacle of success which marked his career. For he found himself caught in the middle of a jurisdictional tug of war between Army and Navy after General S. W. Kearny entered California with orders to make a conquest which he found had already been completed.

Stockton had made Frémont civil governor; and when Kearny demanded obedience to his orders Frémont refused on the ground that Stockton was his commander-in-chief. Kearny waited until he could obtain new orders from Washington confirming his authority; then, without informing Frémont, he once more summoned him to obedience and, when he refused, placed him under arrest. The young conquistador returned to the States a prisoner.

The ensuing court martial provided sensational copy for the press. Frémont was charged with mutiny, insubordination, and conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline. When the court turned in a verdict of guilty on all counts with recommendation of dismissal from the service, public opinion found the court guilty of professional jealousy of an "outsider's" achievement and fame. Far from hurting Frémont, the trial actually enhanced his reputation. But it ended his scientific career, for when President Polk upheld the court (except on the charge of mutiny) but remitted the penalty, Frémont quite naturally resigned from the service.

The future looked dark, but not for long. He had invested in California land, and just when his hopes were at their nadir gold was discovered on his property. He became a millionaire. He also became one of California's first two Senators, but because of his opposition to slavery he failed to win re-election.

"The Man Who . . ."

Such, briefly, had been Frémont's career when he became, at forty-three, the youngest Presidential candidate in the nation's history. His availability in the eyes of the politicos may be gauged by the fact that, like the candidate of a century later, he was first offered the Democratic nomination. But the offer was conditioned on his endorsement of the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Fugitive Slave Law. Frémont refused. On June 20, 1856, he was nominated by the Republican Convention.

The campaign was bitter and scandalous. The Democrats smeared Frémont with unprincipled distortions and lies; while Southern politicians loudly threatened immediate secession if he were elected. The three-cornered fight (Buchanan was the Democratic candidate, Millard Fillmore the choice of the expiring Whig Party) ended in a victory for Buchanan which upon analysis proved to have been chiefly due to Whig

votes frightened away from Frèmont by the Southern threats of secession. Even Senator Benton had refused his support.

Frémont was destined once more to become a Presidential candidate. In 1864 he accepted nomination by the radical Republicans who were dissatisfied with Lincoln's Administration. By that time he had served briefly as commanding general of the Department of the West—a post from which Lincoln had removed him after political ructions, under pressure from Frémont's enemies. He had no reason to love Lincoln, but as it began to be clear that his candidacy was likely to throw the election to the Democrats, he withdrew from the race. He considered Lincoln's Administration a failure, he said, but since McClellan, the Democratic candidate, was in effect for the restoration of the Union with slavery retained, his defeat was imperative.

He lived twenty-six years after that—lived to become involved in financial dealings which led to his ruin. His life was ended in poverty, alleviated too late when Congress in April 1890 restored him to the Army as a major general and placed him on the retired list with pay. On July 13 he died. He had served his country with honor and integrity whenever the occasion offered; but his lasting claim to its grateful affection remains the scientific explorations of which his wife, years later, wrote the words invariably quoted by historians: "From the ashes of his campfires have sprung cities."

Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

The 10,000 Ghosts of Katyn

There are 10,000 rattling skeletons in the closet of Poland's Red Government, and they will never come to rest. The mass murder of Katyn is in these days a hotter issue of popular conjecture in Poland than at any time since 1945.

That the 10,000 Polish officers, taken prisoner by the advancing Soviet Army in 1939, were murdered in 1940 by the GPU, and *not* by the Germans, is no longer doubted anywhere in Europe—and in America only by Mr. Elmer Davis and those associates of his who helped, in the infamous days of the Office of War Information, in traducing the truth. The circumstantial evidence unearthed since 1945 is becoming unequivocal.

It all began at the Nuremberg trials, more than ten years ago. The U.S. representatives on the international military tribunal, apparently themselves victims of Mr. Davis' propaganda, eagerly tried to indict the Nazis for the Katyn massacre which, according to the Office of War Information, was a cut-and-dried case of Nazi villainy. But to the growing amazement of Mr. Justice Jackson, the official Soviet prosecutor at Nuremberg, General Rudenko, first sabotaged and then openly resisted the inclusion of Katyn in the bill of particulars proffered against Goering *et al.*

By the end of 1946, this strange conduct of the Soviet prosecutor in Nuremberg had become one of Europe's great malignant scandals. The desperate suppression of truth (primarily, be it noted, an American shame) was for a few more years officially effective: neither Europe's parliaments nor its governments touched the hideous mess. But Europe's conscience has kept stirring all these years. And by now the following facts are established:

In the fall of 1945, Mr. Savitsky, General Prosecutor of the Polish Government that had been hand-picked by the Soviets, had begun an investigation of the Katyn slaughter. In December of 1945, on direct Soviet orders, he flew to Moscow, accompanied by the Polish Minister of Justice, Sviatskovsky. The two Polish officials were told in the Kremlin that the investigation was "undesirable."

Savitsky and Sviatskovsky returned to Warsaw rather disturbed, and the Ministry of Justice a few days later gave secret orders to Dr. Roman Martini, Public Prosecutor for the Krakow region, to start a confidential on-the-spot investigation in the forest of Katyn. In January 1946, Dr. Martini opened the mass graves a second time (the Germans had first opened them when they arrived at Katyn) and examined the bodily evidence. Soon he could no longer doubt that the 10,000 Polish officers had been killed before German troops occupied the region.

Furthermore, Dr. Martini established beyond any doubt the names of the GPU officers who had been in charge of the mass extermination: Colonels Ribak, Finberg, Bomsovitch, Kutschov, Sjekanov and Lisak. The chief of the special extermination brigade was Special GPU Agent Burianov.

Dr. Martini sent his report, names and all, to the Ministry of Justice in Warsaw and returned to his routine work in Krakow. On March 12, 1946, Prosecutor Martini was found murdered in his apartment at 10 Krupnicza Street in Krakow. Apprehended as his assassins were two students, nineteen-year-old Stanislaw Vroblevski and his seventeen-year-old fiancée, Jolanta Maklakiewicz, daughter of the conductor of the Warsaw Philharmonic. The Polish press never so much as speculated on the motives of the assassination. The two young murderers, fanatically devoted members of Poland's Communist Youth organization, were first kept incommunicado at the St. Michael Prison in Krakow. From this fortified jail they mysteriously "fled" after a few weeks of detainment. They've never been heard from since.

These extraordinary facts are by now whispered throughout Poland, and the regime is getting nervous. There is a persistent rumor in Polish refugee circles abroad that the Polish Red Government is preparing a sensational exposé concerning the Katyn affair. One fact is verifiable: Deputy Prime Minister Jakob Berman (in the meantime purged as a "Stalinist") announced a few weeks ago that the Soviet Communist Party had appointed a special committee to determine whether or not the Katyn massacre, too, was one of Stalin's private frolics.

The Soviet Government, quite possibly, may soon announce that 10,000 Polish officers, the cream of a tortured nation, were killed in Katyn by a deplorable mistake of that well-known agent of Wall Street, Comrade Beria.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Antigone in Aulis

Yes, I know it wasn't Antigone who found herself stranded among the barbarians, but a quite different heroine. Antigone, nevertheless, found herself on trial in the Outer Darkness only a few weeks ago, before a people some thousands of years and miles distant from Thebes; and she came off much more successfully than she did from her old trouble with Creon. It happened thus: a Midwestern teachers' college invited a young English poet and translator (just now resident in America) to read something to the student assembly. The poet came, and he conquered the Aulians with his translation of *Antigone*.

Any reader familiar with the climate of opinion in our teachers' colleges will appreciate the incongruity of this situation. The classics, if taught at all in such colleges, are taught only with an eye to a dull preparation for lifeless "Latin I" courses in such high schools as still genuflect to ancient language and letters. The presidents and deans—and many members of the faculties—ordinarily are hierarchs in what Mr. David Riesman calls "the patronage network of Teachers' College, Columbia"; some have drunk Pure Doctrine at its source. "Subject-matter courses" are, at best, suspect to these gentlemen. (I know there are some honorable exceptions in the profession; but I speak of the generality.) "Motivation," "group activity," "approved social attitudes," "tests and measurements," and the like are their fetishes, and nothing is more alien to them than the higher imagination, poetic truth. How did Antigone slip past these sentinels by the unburied corpse of the higher learning?

Well, nine hundred students and staff-members turned out for the occasion; and they sat rapt all through the poet's reading. (The president, deans, and some department-heads shifted restlessly in their seats, I confess, but the students drank *Antigone* in.) A department-head introduced the poet, after the fashion of our educationists, with twenty minutes of pedantic condescension to the audience, in the course of which he misrepresented every important fact in the poet's life. Thus the poet began with a severe handicap, his audience's patience already severely tried; and it took him more than an hour to read his translation. No one snickered; no one left, no one went to sleep.

The great theme of *Antigone* is the conflict between natural justice and duty, on the one hand, and state decree and civil obedience, on the other. In a generation like ours, which has forgotten the natural law and has knelt to Leviathan, *Antigone* takes on a meaning little understood during the nineteenth century when the standard versions of Sophocles were done into English. This pertinence, too, must have touched the prospective teachers when they heard such passages as Antigone's reply to Creon:

> I never thought your edicts had
> Such force they nullified the laws of heaven,
> Which, unwritten, not proclaimed, can boast
> A currency that everlastingly is valid;
> An origin beyond the birth of man.
> And I, whom no man's frown can frighten, am
> Far from risking heaven's frown by flouting these.

Yes, the students heard Antigone out, they applauded most vigorously, and some might have been content to sit there all day listening to Sophocles' mighty lines. Not so, however, the president and the deans and the rest of the hierarchy. (Some professors of English were appreciative, but nobody minds *them*.) The hierarchy were not slow to express their astonishment at the civility the audience had displayed. It was explained to the poet that ordinarily these students are somewhat disorderly at assemblies, expressing their maturing personalities by scuffling, whispering, and even jeering. The most august visiting professors of education from the Pierian spring of Teachers' College, Columbia, have not been proof against these demonstrations, to the chagrin of the local hierarchy, who feel, with Creon,

> How can I, if I nurse
> Sedition in my house, not foster it
> Outside? And if a man can keep his home
> In hand, he proves his competence to keep
> The state.

So astonishment at the students' approbation was mixed with resentment. What right did this exotic versifier have to courtesies seldom extended even to the masters of the American educational system? "Why, I never saw the students so quiet," said the president, rather belligerently, to the professor who had arranged for the program. "You must have beaten it into their heads that they were supposed to be on their good behavior."

Being, in education and in politics, what Mr. Riesman calls a "moralizer," I venture to append to this brief relation a humble moral. There is, I think, an enduring human nature, common to the Greeks of the fifth century, to the English of the sixteenth century, and to us. Some qualities of that nature even the worst system of formal education has difficulties in repressing. Of these qualities, among the rising talents of every generation, are a longing for poetic imagery; a dim participation in the tragic view of life; and an aspiration after moral principle. *Antigone* is a great drama because—for one reason—it is humane in the highest sense: that is, *Antigone* exemplifies the educational discipline called ***humanitas***, the training of the ethical faculty through the understanding of great literature. Despite all the muddled secular indoctrination in positivism and pragmatism and progressivism to which the unfortunate inmates of our teachers' colleges usually are subjected, truth will get a hearing now and then; the ancient hungers of the imagination are hard to deny; and though the works of Sophocles may be forgotten when the works of William Heard Kilpatrick have become Holy Writ, they will not be forgotten *until* that apotheosis of bathos.

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

The Art of Saying Nothing, But Vigorously

The boss in control of the Republican Convention was Madison Avenue. This, it seems to me, is a fact so crucial and fateful that its consequences will outlive most political results of the campaign.

The fact itself will be denied by no one who has seen Madame Republican's Wax Figures Cabinet, that eerie display of female zombies presented by an obtuse Account Executive. (I am writing this a whole week after the event; but while, for the life of me, I can't remember a single phrase of Mr. Eisenhower's acceptance speech, every detail of the incredible puppet show remains indelibly etched into my cringing memory.) And the scandal is not so much that the producers of the Republican show have such a low opinion of their audience. The scandal is that they succeeded in persuading upright and highly personable Republican women of renown to turn, in the interest of the Party, into repugnant sticks. For, if this can be done, anything can.

Actually, of course, the staccato stammering of the Cabinet members was an even greater scandal; for several of the presumably most important men of the nation permitted themselves to be used as TV supernumeraries in walk-ons so irrelevant that only Equity members very near starvation would have considered the parts. But though the sixty or seventy words each Secretary was allowed to recite were manifestly written by a professional copywriter, at least the nation's leaders mumbled something in vague context with their real jobs. The Republican women, on the other hand, sputtered the cant of an advertising lingo that Mr. Gimbel or any other realistic merchant would contemptuously reject. For, when it comes to selling real merchandise, no businessman falls for the odorous metaphors of "institutional advertising." They are tolerated only in the netherland of ideas where anything goes (because nothing matters).

Now it so happens that I know a few staff members of the Republican National Committee (which was responsible for the show) and that I can testify to the relative excellence of their personal taste. How come, then, that the Convention was such an outlandish riot of tastelessness?

For this, there are a few political reasons which can be discussed here but briefly. First, the Great American Audience was this time invited to stare, for four days, at a television show that (as everybody knew in advance) lacked the smallest modicum of suspense: what the GOP's official Pollyannas consider the Party's main asset—"harmony"—was a deadly liability on TV. Secondly, the GOP's whole election strategy is built upon the axiom that an unexcited constituency will be a Republican constituency; so the TV show broke down under the onus of an utterly impossible task—to wake up an audience that must be kept in a happy snooze. And thirdly, the GOP acts on the assumption that the only issue of 1956 is Mr. Eisenhower's charm. But, surely, that charm is effective only in a very minor key; which means that a show that stars Mr. Eisenhower must avoid drama like a plague. (This is true politically as well as stagewise.)

In other words, the political scene is being turned into a wasteland void of political ideas and even political images. What, if not the lingo of "institutional advertising," can fill such a scene? It is, by definition, the language that will get nobody's dander up—a language that says precisely nothing but says it with vigor.

(My main complaint about advertising is, of course, that NATIONAL REVIEW doesn't get enough of it. For the moment, the trouble is that most of our businessmen seem afraid to speak through a magazine which is suspected of supporting capitalism—a rather perverse aberration of the nation's advertisers which may be due to the tenet of the advertising brotherhood that you must never publicly admit concern with your own interests. According to our philosophers of advertising one sells soap, not to get rich, but to get others clean. NATIONAL REVIEW, however, gladly admits that much and urges capitalists to mount our platform. They can even use the lingo of "institutional advertising"—though we strongly recommend the use of English. End of candid interpolation.)

The Mark Hannas and Boss Tweeds of this day, and this wasteland, operate from Madison Avenue, and they pride themselves on knowing not a thing about the hoary game of politics. Rather, they keep their eyes on the ball—which is their way of saying that the children of this modern age want to play, and want nothing else. And though they are famous for growing ulcers, the advertising men claim to be the accomplished experts of play; or, anyhow, of the glossy and miserable synthetic that has replaced old-fashioned play all around.

Consider the speed with which we are going to hell! In 1952, the TV screen was the stage, not only for the drama of Taft's shameful frustration, but also for a noble clash of emotions, for the passionate spontaneity of cleverness, oratory, ambition and, yes, sheer gall. The Convention of 1956—with the exception of Mr. Hoover's rock-like dignity and the moments of Mr. Knowland's principled stubborness—was a puppet show, and not only because the Republican Party has reached the catatonic state of "unity." (By the way, in 1952 the GOP won a landslide victory ten weeks after having shown, to the entire nation, that it was throbbing with violent disagreements.)

Madison Avenue will now lead us to another Republican victory? Maybe Madison Avenue will. If so, I'd prefer defeat. A Republican victory obtained in the way Lucky Strike occupies the cigarette market isn't worth the advertising money spent. For, as Chesterfield knows, that treacherous market can be easily repurchased by the competition. And if it were true that our people choose in politics the same way they choose at the bargain counters—who would want to guide the fate of such a nation? I for one believe it isn't true. And I believe that the producers of the Republican Convention will be cruelly disappointed in November. But this is another story.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Wisdom on Mere Intelligence

JOHN ABBOT CLARK

One of the keenest critics and deadliest satirists this country has ever had was Frank Moore Colby (1865-1925). He was never, by the very nature of things, a popular writer. He was not even very well known to the supposedly discriminating readers or to the supposedly leading thinkers of his day. Besides teaching history and economics at a number of Eastern universities, and serving on the staffs of *Harper's*, the *Bookman*, and the *North American Review*, he was editor-in-chief of *The New International Encyclopedia* and *Year-Book*. But his claim to my admiration and gratitude rests on three volumes of essays, criticisms, and satires—*Imaginary Obligations* (1904), *Constrained Attitudes* (1910), and *The Margin of Hesitation* (1921). And it is my considered hunch that these essays will continue to be cherished long after certain "major" bores of American literature are forgotten, or, if not forgotten, merely read out of a grim sense of academic duty.

Colby's books (including the two-volume collection of his writings made by Clarence Day) have been my constant bedside companions ever since I stumbled on a dog-eared copy of *Imaginary Obligations* longer ago than I care to think about. And on several occasions during the past twenty years, I have had my feeble little say on Colby. But what brings him to mind at the moment is the recent celebration (or should I say cerebration?) of the 100th anniversary of Bernard Shaw's birth—so portentously quiet in London, so galvanically loud in Chicago.

G. K. Chesterton's first words on Shaw still stand the best chance of becoming the last ones on that highly controversial subject. But as early as 1904, Frank Moore Colby handed down a verdict which Posterity will reverse or even materially alter only at the expense of its own reputation:

> Compared with most of our playwrights, Mr. Shaw is not only far more entertaining than they, but sounder. It is only when we compare him (as he expressly demands) with the best of all time, that he goes to pieces. All great playwrights have seen that every man was something more than a leading motive. They have never used him merely as a pawn; that is, to prove something. They have suggested a thousand irrelevant things. At times, they have almost seemed to forget their purpose. In any true comedy man is a small figure dancing against the sky—temporal antics on a background of ultimate facts, birth and death and eternity. That is the only joke, and every great writer has perceived it. Not one of them has ever been a mere debater of propositions. No writer ever created a man without suggesting a mystery. The plain man has this in common with Shakespeare: He too is aware of unknown things, makes guesses, and is quite unreasonable. His mysteries begin too soon, but he has them. From merely clever people you might suppose there was no mystery at all. They make things so clear to you.

Derso

Four years later, Colby had the following to say about Shaw, or rather about the already well-established myth of Shaw the thinker, philosopher, and reformer:

> We have always argued that there is no such person. Mr. Shaw has never been a thinker, but he has been a stimulator of thought, and the thought generally takes the opposite direction from that which he apparently intended. . . . He has never taken time to think. He is engaged in a more agreeable occupation. He is a delightful, unconscionable artist, and, like many other artists, turns the incompleteness of his thinking to excellent account. We should all rather hear Mr. Shaw speak eloquently out of his ignorance than other men out of full heads; and our wish is often granted. All this is generally understood of Mr. Shaw, but unfortunately there are still some Shavians.

And when the volume containing *Misalliance*, *Fanny's First Play*, and *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* came out in 1914, Colby reviewed it for the *North American*:

> Time was when the production or publication of a Shaw play was followed inevitably by a sort of literary influenza. Minds that ought never to have been exposed to Shaw were sure to take him very badly, while the chronic Shavian was almost certain to become intolerable . . . . The effect of Shaw on a literal mind anxious about Culture, or on an academic intellect already a little run down, is indeed very debilitat-

ing. . . . With Shaw the scandalization of respectability often becomes a restrictive routine quite at variance with his own theories of soul-expression. Shaw's young people seem never to know what they want till somebody tells them what they ought not to have. They are not free; they are the slaves of eternal contrariety. . . . Nearly half of the present volume is taken up with a charming and altogether unscrupulous treatise on "Parents and Children," which anyone who is inclined to believe in Shaw's "philosophy" ought to read in order to rid himself forever of the notion that Shaw has a single philosophic fiber in his composition. It is a masterpiece of eloquent unqualified assertion in matters of which no honest man, capable of self-analysis, could feel at all certain. He curses his own schooling, says it taught him nothing whatever, and thinks if he could have been free of it and developed in his own way it would have been much better. But how can he judge of that? Had he turned out more Shavian than he now is, society would probably have hanged him.

When shrewder judgments are passed on G.B.S., I don't expect to be around to read them. Unlike Shaw, Colby was *almost* reduced to silence by the literary and intellectual life of his period. But that *almost*, as the foregoing samples so clearly show, is pure critical gold. And it's about time for some adventurous publisher of quality paperbacks to remint some of it.

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Coyness—or Caution?

The Crucial Decade: America, 1945-1955, by Eric F. Goldman. 307 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4.00

This book has been compared with Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday,* that delightful history of the nineteen twenties. This is as just a comparison as one between Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* and John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.* Mr. Allen is a relaxed and genial chronicler. Mr. Goldman is, in the worst sense of the word, an ideologue; and his book is a barely disguised ideological tract.

The plot is simple: ten years of struggle between the good guys and the bad guys. It was tight going; the bad guys almost won. The tremendous accomplishments of "the Half-Century of Revolution" (Mr. Goldman always capitalizes this phrase) were almost destroyed by a combination of "Taft Republicans" with "one-time New Deal supporters . . . Midwesterners, relatively recent immigrants and Catholics." But the "good sense" of the American people reasserted itself; one by one, the leaders of this "traditionalist" unenlightened reaction—MacArthur, Taft, McCarthy—were defeated. The great insights of the New Deal, nurtured and internationalized through the dark years by Clark Clifford, George Kennan and Dean Acheson, were finally vindicated and "codified" in a form appropriately "moderate."

The symbol of this consolidation of the Revolution is President Eisenhower, alighting from the *Columbine III* at the Washington airport on his return from Geneva:

> . . . his conservative-liberal domestic policies, his mixed attitudes in foreign affairs, his warm but unagressive personality were sweeping him to a political potency unapproached since the heyday of Franklin Roosevelt. The right wing of the Republican Party lay shattered at his feet.

Virtue triumphant (in moderation, of course), evil stilled, the Revolution rolls on into its second Half-Century. And yet there is a strange coyness about the content, the meaning of this Revolution. Let Mr. Goldman conclude his story:

> . . . a determination not to be too sure where you were or where you ought to go. It was nothing more or less than the decision on the part of a people who were so in-between in so many of their attitudes to go on cautiously, patiently, good-humoredly maintaining equilibrium.

So Mr. Goldman, having conducted us with passionate intensity through a ten-year struggle between good and evil, falls flat on his face. Or does he? Could it be that the meaning of all this cant about moderation is simply that the Establishment is in power and its collectivist program is moving along so smoothly that the one thing to make sure of is that nobody rocks the boat?

FRANK S. MEYER

Possibly Second-Rank

A Certain Smile, by Françoise Sagan. Translated by Anne Green. 128 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $2.95

The essential love story, as Colette once observed, may be recorded in three lines: "He loved me; I loved Him; His presence overwhelmed all others. We were happy. Then He stopped loving me and I suffered. . . ." No outside elements—no warring Capulets, or falling empires, or outraged cuckolds—are needed to shatter the perfect union. Only the imperfect nature of the human creatures involved, who are inconstant, frivolous, afraid, and only rarely able to impose a larger discipline than their own appetites on their aging lives.

For her second flight through international bestsellerdom, Mlle. Sagan has retold this unspectacular story. The girl is Dominique, a teenish Sorbonne student; the man is Luc, a fortyish globe-trotting seducer. Against mellow tints of Maytime Paris, they meet and flirt. Against hot sands of late-summer Cannes, they make love. Then, inevitably, there is separation, anguish, rainy autumn, and for Dominique, that "certain smile" which means renunciation and the bittersweet, slightly smug self-knowledge with which her account closes: "Alone. Alone. I was a woman who had loved a man. It was a simple story."

All the *mises-en-scène* of the existentialist *jeune* are here: a dry, pervasive, wafer-thin boredom;

acerb, unsentimental sex; *le jazz hot;* and the professionally wry, stylized moodiness which expresses itself more persuasively in Juliette Greco's cabaret songs than in a novel. Mlle. Sagan seems to be a representative of her generation rather than a distinct individual; but on the other hand, as her blurb assures us, she is only twenty, and her book *is* cleanly, concretely, knowledgeably made. She has studied at the school of Colette, and though she has none of the latter's gift of language, she has learned not only to tell a story with economy, but to use the first person with grace.

But accomplished as it is, her book is less interesting in itself than the fact of its exceptional American popularity. For when a book is a best-seller—and even a good book may conceivably be one—it means that in addition to any permanent values it may have, it also has an immediate, symptomatic interest *vis-à-vis* the public reading it. In the case of *A Certain Smile*, at least two accessory aspects struck me as relevant to its advance printing of 100,000 copies:

1. In Dominique, the juvenile delinquent becomes chi-chi. Instead of saddle shoes, pony-tail and a mindless stare, she now dresses like a layout in *Mademoiselle* magazine, listens to Mozart, and reads Sartre's latest novel. Adultery never seems as unprincipled and sordid in a Jaguar in Cannes as in a souped-up Ford in South Chicago.

2. Except on the wholly trash level, American novelists—especially the serious, young ones—rarely attempt to write love stores. They write about lonely children or politico-moral abstractions, but since the generation of Fitzgerald and Hemingway no really good American writer except Carson McCullers has written a novel about being in love. As Leslie Fiedler pointed out a year or so ago, "one waits still . . . . for the American writer who can render as successfully as, say, any second-rank French novelist of the nineteenth century the complexities and ambiguities of sexual passion . . . ." Exactly; and while still waiting, American readers are importing in bestseller quantity Mlle. Sagan, who is already a possibly second-rank French novelist of the twentieth century.

ROGER BECKET

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

The Magic Flute: After the libretto of Schikaneder and Giesecke, by W. H. Auden and C. Kallman. 108 pp. New York: Random House. $3.50

Messrs. Auden and Kallman have revised in English, rather than translated, the libretto of Mozart's opera. Every change they have made seems to be a distinct improvement. But the defects of the *Zauberflote*, unlike those of Von Weber's *Euryanthe*, are not primarily a matter of contorted syntax and cloudy verbiage that might be eliminated by careful rewriting. Both plot and characters are incurably absurd. While we listen to the magnificent harmonies with which Mozart covered this grotesque framework, the best thing to do, perhaps, is to forget the opera has a story.

Ship 16: The Story of the Secret German Raider Atlantis, by Ulrich Mohr, as told to A. V. Sellwood. 255 pp. New York: The John Day Company. $4.00

Mr. Sellwood is mistaken in his assumption that a recital of fact will command a wider audience if it is written in the style of fiction, but if we make allowances for a few incongruities, we can read with pleasure his account of the career of the *Atlantis*. Although only a converted freighter, she was the German ship which in the recent war most nearly approached the brilliant record of the light cruiser *Emden* in the War of 1914-1918. Here is the story of men who, against great odds, did their duty without flinching, preserving as best they could the old traditions of naval service amid the exigencies of modern warfare.

The Invisible Flag, by Peter Bamm. 250 pp. New York: The John Day Company. $3.95

This vivid account of a medical officer's experiences during Germany's invasion of Russia is significant for its incidental revelation of the deep cleavage, within Germany, between gentlemen who had inherited the humanistic and the military traditions of the old Empire, and progressive men who, trained in pragmatism, were not really individuals at all but merely personifications of the mass man's eternal barbarism. The epitome of this contrast will be found in the scene in which a judge advocate general and a divisional medical officer, who know that they and the whole army are hopelessly trapped in the Crimea and will never see their homes again, take leave of a brash young subaltern, who has been recalled to Berlin by air. The judge advocate quotes Simonides' famous epitaph for the Spartan dead at Thermopylae. But the young man knows no Greek. The medical officer prompts him with Cicero's translation of the couplet. The youngster knows no Latin. And then the older men suddenly realize that the high concept of personal honor, the aristocratic code of duty as a man's personal responsibility, would be unintelligible to the young man in any language. The humanist will forever speak to the pragmatist in vain. (Perhaps it is significant that the American editor makes one blunder in the few words of Latin, four in the Greek, and elsewhere shows that he does not know the difference between acute and grave accents in French.)

St. Ignatius' Own Story: As told to Luis González de Cámara, with a Sampling of His Letters, translated by William J. Young, S.J. 138 pp. Chicago: Henry Regnery. $2.50

Although the translator has preserved much of the simple and artless style of the original, his work is so mechanical that it is often confusing and occasionally enigmatic. Consider, for example, the reported conduct of a woman engaged in paying a clandestine visit: "To prevent herself being [*sic*] recognized, she came veiled, as is the custom in Alcalá de Henares, between two lights, to the hospital." Many readers will wonder whether the lady was so indiscreet as to come escorted by torchbearers. Of course, you can solve the puzzle if you will take the trouble to translate the English into Spanish: "between two lights"—*entre dos luces*—at dusk. But if you know Spanish, what use have you for Father Young's book?

(Reviewed by Revilo Oliver)

To the Editor

A Correction

In computing the electoral votes needed for a hypothetical Democratic Presidential victory ["The Campaign," September 1], I rated a zero grade in simple addition. The total electoral vote of ten Southern states, five border states and New York is 212, *not* 262. Obviously it would take more than one additional state to elect Stevenson. A minimum of two additional states would be required, a total of nineteen states, *not* seventeen. Pennsylvania and California together have 64 electoral votes. The total of Pennsylvania *or* California and Illinois is 59. It takes 266 to elect.

SAM M. JONES

Mr. Javits' Record

The Republicans should not nominate New York's Attorney General Jacob Javits for Senator. His voting record, while he was a member of Congress, was much closer, ideologically, to that of a New Deal Liberal than that of a Republican. His record on the issue of internal Communist subversion is bad. Several years ago Javits was one of a small minority of Congressmen to vote against appropriations for the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Also Javits, early in May this year, said he disapproved of Vice President Nixon because of his "bitter partisanship" without specifying what Nixon said that was "bitterly partisan" or inaccurate. . . .

Just before the 1954 elections, the publisher of the *New York Post*, Dorothy Schiff, reported that Javits had once told her that he might do a "Wayne Morse" one day. Considering Javits' political conduct up to now, that possibility cannot be ruled out by any means.

DANIEL M. KORAL

Long Island City, N.Y.

The Taft Memorial

In an August 18 editorial "Nor Long Remember," you deplore the lack of interest among the late Senator Taft's followers in General Wedemeyer's project to raise a monument to him in the form of a carillon of bells on Capitol Hill . . . My answer is contained in my letter of January 3, 1956, to General Wedemeyer:

> As an admirer of Senator Taft and an irreconcilable foe of those who treated him so shabbily, I should like to explain why I will not contribute to the memorial to him. In view of the happenings at the time that his honesty was questioned, I consider it very poor taste to promote a memorial in an election year. It has too political a flavor and could be interpreted as a sop to the otherwise irreconcilable Taft wing, and I do not think Senator Taft would like to be used for this purpose. I do not approve of spending money on a carillon of bells, at a time when the philosophy of Senator Taft is so seriously threatened. Funds for the promotion of his sort of Americanism are very scarce, and I feel that any we are able to collect should go into Taft scholarships to help counteract the vast tax-free funds that are promoting the opposite of what he stood for. Certainly, bells to toll the death of his ideas would be a very limp substitute. I feel that the greatest memorial to Senator Taft would be rebirth of his wing of the Republican Party and that every penny we have to spare should be devoted to that purpose.

I certainly do not want to see those who are remolding the Republican Party out of Senator Taft's image benefit vote-wise by unveiling a monument to him in an election year, and would be interested if his friends would try it after elections with a worthwhile project, say a Taft Foundation.

Neshanic, N.J. ELIZABETH MANNING

In Defense of Nasser

. . . I cannot let your position on the Suez question go by without registering a protest. . . .

First, your plea for a "showdown" (clearly military) offers a perfect case of the means themselves becoming the end. Starting with a willingness to call for war against the Kremlin (because of the overriding Communist threat, as you see it) . . . you have now reached the point where you are willing to call for war *per se*. . . . Yet your showdown would come with whom? With Russia or even Red China? No! It would be a war against Arab nationalism, in fact, against all nationalist anti-colonialism. What would your "showdown" accomplish, except embroil us in permanent war against the Arab and Asian world? . . . If rule by the bayonet is the sum total of the "tradition of the West," can we blame the colonial countries for disliking that "tradition"?

Secondly . . . the *American* tradition, in contrast to that of the mythical "West," is vehemently anti-imperialist and anti-colonial. . . . Nasser is the George Washington of his country, and it is about time we realize that fact. . . .

[Nasser] nationalized private property. Here, I admit, is a serious charge. But . . . 44 per cent of the stock of the Suez Canal Company is owned by the British Government. This huge block gave the British Government working control of the company. Therefore, Nasser was not really nationalizing *private* property, but governmental property. . . . There is no reason why governmental property should be defended from nationalization. . . . The property was, in agreement by all, supposed to revert to the Egyptian Government in 1968. So Nasser did not confiscate absolutely private property, so much as speed along his acquisition by twelve years—a much less serious charge. . . .

Britain and France don't propose to restore the ownership of the Suez Canal Company. What they want is, in effect, world government rule over the Canal. Which would you rather have, world governmental "nationalization," setting a precedent for the Panama Canal and the Dardanelles, or Egyptian nationalization? . . .

New York City MURRAY ROTHBARD

The Youngdahl Story

Frank S. Meyer's "Sunday-Supplement Moralist" [July 4] is a gem. There are people in this state, who walk around like a chicken hit on the head with a cob of corn, when they hear the name of Luther Youngdahl. Unfortunately they are filled with enthusiasm and bad judgment, but they are good people. . . .

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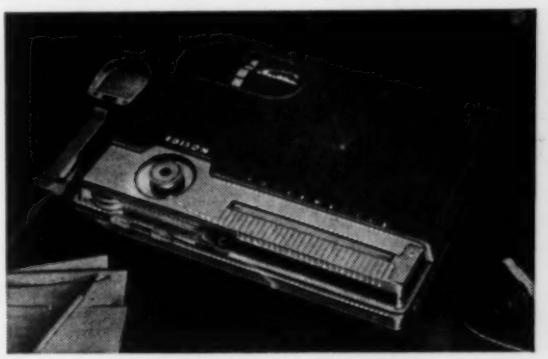

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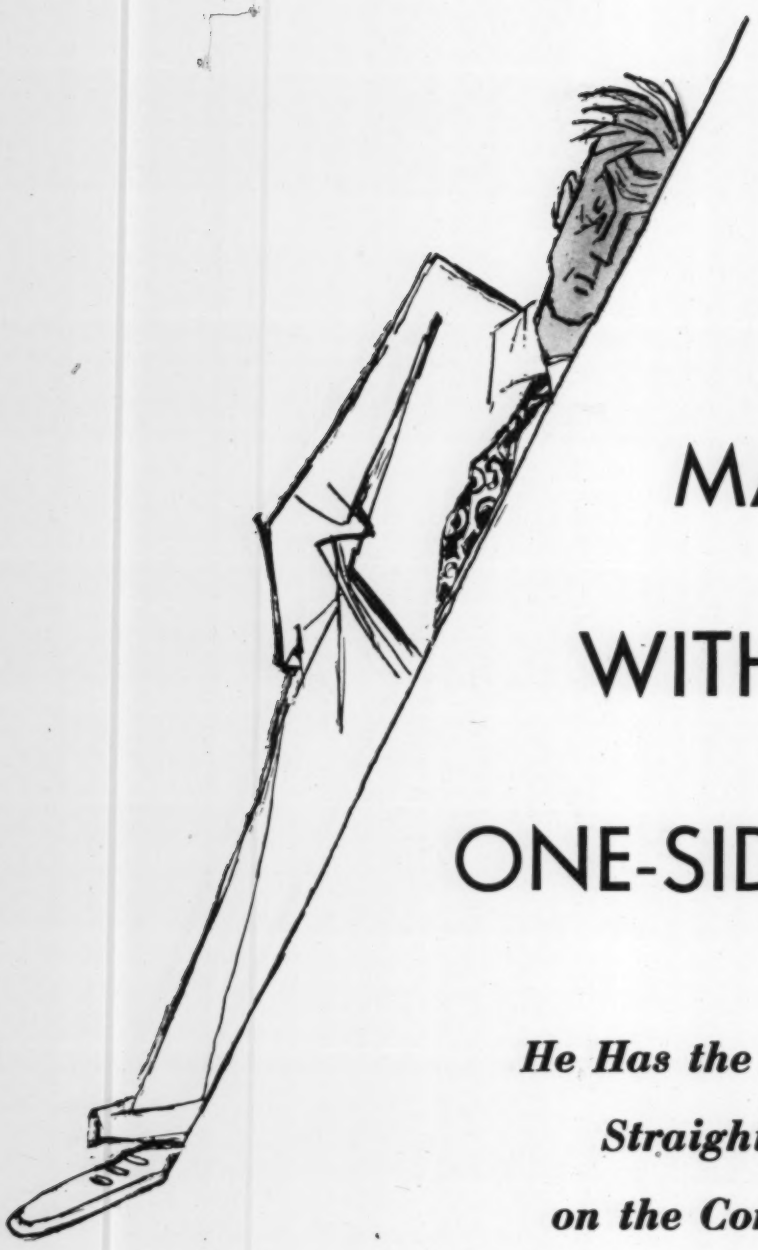

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